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O R L A N D O

A N D

S E R A P H I N A.



O R L A N D O

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A N D

S E R A P H I N A :

A

Turkish Story.

—Ad humum mœrore gravi deducit et angit.

Hor. de Arte poetica.

Volume I.

L O N D O N :

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PREFACE.

IT hath often been made a question, whether novels and romances (for upon this occasion they are not distinguished) have been productive of greater good or harm in the world. It would, however, be of little use to determine

this point, were it possible to determine it. I shall therefore content myself with observing, that the same question might, with equal propriety, be put with respect to dramatic compositions, and, indeed, every species of writing addressed to the imagination and the passions.

Of one thing, however, there can be no doubt, — that compositions of this sort may be made to produce good ; may be made to afford instruction and improvement as well as amusement and pleasure, unless
it

it be said, what has indeed been often insinuated, that whatever is pleasing must be frivolous ; and that a book, in order to be useful, must necessarily be dull.

But insinuations of this sort come by much by too late. The application of fable and fiction to moral purposes has been authorised by the practice of all ages. Nor have the wisest and most virtuous disdained to convey their lessons of instruction to mankind through the medium of fictitious narrative and representation.

The writer of fiction has indeed one considerable advantage over the historian of truth. The latter is necessarily pinned down to real facts,—to the relation of what hath actually existed. Nor can he be justified in the slightest variation, for any purpose whatever, from the authorities upon which his narrative is built. Whether his relation be interesting or not, whether good or bad inferences may be drawn from it by the reader of his work, it is quite out of his province, as well as beyond his power, to determine.

determine. He must give the facts as he finds them, and leave the effect, to be produced by them, whether good or bad, to others.

But the writer of fiction hath a far wider range. He has facts at his command. His invention is in no case confined within stricter bounds than the *probable*. Nay, he will be often justified if he keep barely within the *possible*. Being thus an absolute master of his materials, it must be from his want of ability and skill, or, what is worse, of good intention,

tion, if the result be not a work of utility as well as entertainment. It must certainly be his own fault if it hold out examples unfavourable to virtue, or contain a single sentence of a licentious or immoral tendency.

Every thing that is interesting is moral. Whatever touches the heart must be favourable to virtuous impressions. And, though the most selfish, and even the cruel, in real life, have sometimes been observed to shew very strong marks of sympathetic sensibility

ty

ty in cases of *fictitious* representation, yet it can never be said that such selfishness or cruelty hath been, or can be, favoured by these occasional feelings. The truth indeed is, that these detestable qualities have taken root and grown up in the mind from other causes and associations, and in *spite* of this natural sensibility.

The following narrative is directed to one single object. It is meant to be throughout *interesting*. And, though there be, here and there, interspersed scenes of description merely,

ly, and imagery, it is hoped that, however little merit they may have in themselves, they may serve at least as a sort of convenient resting-places to the mind, which would be unable to support an unremitted exertion of its sympathetic feelings.

The first idea of this story was suggested by a well-known fact in the English history. It is thus related by Mr. Hume.

“ One story, commonly told
 “ of him, (Colonel Kirke,)
 “ is memorable for the treach-
 “ ery as well as the barbarity
 “ that

“ that attended it. A young
“ maid pleaded for the life of
“ her brother, and flung her-
“ self at Kirke’s feet, armed
“ with all the charms that
“ beauty and innocence, ba-
“ thed in tears, could bestow
“ upon her. The tyrant was
“ inflamed by desire, not soft-
“ ened into love or clemency.
“ He promised to grant her
“ request, provided that she,
“ in her turn, would be e-
“ qually compliant to him.
“ The maid yielded to the
“ conditions. But, after she
“ had passed the night with
“ him,

“ him, the wanton savage
“ next morning shewed her
“ from the window the dar-
“ ling object, for whom she
“ had sacrificed her virtue,
“ hanged on a gibbet, which
“ he had secretly ordered to
“ be there erected for his exe-
“ cution. Rage, and despair,
“ and indignation, took pos-
“ session of her mind, and de-
“ prived her for ever of her
“ senses.”

The author makes no apo-
logy for his many variations
from the historical relation
which gave him the first hint
of

of his own story. He meant *his* narrative to be a fiction. And yet, however dark the colours in which he hath endeavoured to paint his Turkish tyrant, it must be allowed that he hath not gone beyond the bounds of probability, and that the copy is equalled, at least, if not surpassed, by the original.

Much less does he think it necessary to apologize for the fortunate conclusion of his story. He has always been a friend to what is called poetical justice. And, as he felt
great

great pleasure himself in thus winding up his narrative of distress, he trusts that his readers will experience, in some degree, the same satisfaction.

SERAPHINA,

SERAPHINA, &c.

LETTER I.

OSMAN, COMMANDER OF THE
FAITHFUL, TO IBRAHIM, PRI-
MATE OF THE DIVINE LAW.

IBRAHIM, I am troubled in
spirit. I tell thee, fovereign
prelate, that Osman, the mighty
Osman, a king that dwelleth in
the earthly Paradise, son of Ma-
homet, and conqueror of the Ma-
cedonians, is *himself* a most con-

Vol I.

B

temptible

temptible slave! — A slave to his passions! Ibrahim, I have determined to be free.

Perhaps thou wilt condole with me on my ill success against the Poles. The disgrace lies heavy at my heart; but it is not the sole cause of my grief. No, most venerable Mufti; although I lost the battle, and with it eighty thousand men, yet I gained a prize richer than the mines of Golconda. I gained the prize of *beauty*! I returned with the fair Seraphina. She shone in my train, like the blaze that follows a comet, dazzling the eyes of the beholders. I was captivated by her charms. My
proud

proud heart was softened by the music of her complaints, and I regarded her as the angel of Paradise. My soul recoiled at the thought of treating her as a slave. I separated the apartments of the Seraglio, that look upon the smooth sea of Marmora, from the Sultana's haram, and decorated them for her reception. I appointed slaves and eunuchs to attend her. In the hour of phrenzy I declared my importunities should never cease till I had won her heart; swearing, at the same time, never to force her affections or violate her chastity. Yes, Ibrahim, I swore by the *bead of Mahomet*. Hence proceeded

my grief, disappointment, and confusion.

With shame I reflect on my past conduct. What avails it that the laws of the holy Prophet proclaim me lord of a thousand women? Alas! I burn with desire. A thousand times I have been tempted to break the rash oath I have taken, but I am a Mussulman, and dare not. I know, sovereign prelate, thou couldst give me absolution; but would not my conscience still tell me I had sinned? I dare not violate the laws of the Prophet. I desire thy advice. Teach me to elude the law without breaking it.

Holy

Holy Mufti, I command thee to
quiet my conscience.

LETTER II.

SERAPHINA TO JULIA.

BEFORE Julia attempts to read
this letter, she must collect all
her fortitude. It comes from a pri-
soner and a mourner ; from a poor
sufferer whom heaven has smote
with the hand of affliction. Start
not, Julia, it comes from Seraphi-
na. Gracious heaven ! from that
Seraphina who once was the hap-
piest of women : who, a few short

B 3

days

days ago, was the idol of her surrounding friends, the favourite of Julia, and the *wife of Orlando*.

Julia, I have a tale to tell that will pierce your heart. You have not, like me, been intimate with grief: you have not felt the weight of accumulated sorrow. How, then, will you be able to read the cruel tidings I am going to relate? I have not words to soften the agonizing tale. O my full heart! *Orlando is no more!* — your brother is slain! He fell by the hands of assassins.

Our army had gained a complete victory; the enemy was routed, and my dear lord retired, in the evening,

ing, to a tent he had prepared in the extremity of the camp, whence I had anxiously beheld the battle. O, my Julia! my heart danced with joy at his return. He ran towards me; he clasped me in his arms; then eagerly snatched the infant from my bosom, and exclaimed, “ Seraphina, our country
 “ is victorious. Should our child
 “ live to fight in her future cause,
 “ may heaven inspire him with a
 “ share of that courage which hath
 “ supported his father through the
 “ perils of this day.” The tear of joy shone upon his cheek. We blest each other. It was a moment not to be described,—it was a mo-

ment of rapture. How shall I proceed? O dreadful reverse!

Our mutual congratulations were scarcely finished, when a party of the enemy suddenly rushed from behind a thick knot of oaks, that shaded the tent, and fell upon us instantly. The gallant Orlando held the infant in one arm, and defended himself with the other; but he was overpowered by numbers, and fell covered with the gashes of a hundred scymitars. My poor infant too!—Oh that the mother had shared its fate! but, alas! I am reserved for greater calamities.

I was instantly hurried away; and, at this moment, am confined
at

at the court of Osman. Nay, more ; the splendid Barbarian persecutes me with attentions and assiduities. O, shocking to relate, I am solicited to become the mistress of a wretch whose sword still reeks with the blood of my husband !

Julia, you will not expect I should tell you my feelings. They are too horrible for description. Alas ! I have a dreadful prospect before me. May Providence direct my footsteps, and guard me from the rocks and precipices that surround me. Whatever be my fate, you shall know all that befalls me. Whilst I live I will, from
time

time to time, continue to you the narrative of my misfortunes.

LETTER III.

IBRAHIM TO THE MIGHTY OSMAN,
COMMANDER OF THE SHINING
EMPIRE.

SOVEREIGN Lord, I kiss the dust of thy feet ; and, since thou hast commanded me, as a servant of the great prophet, to explain the precepts of the divine law, so far as they regard the oath thou hast taken, I beg thou wilt pardon the freedom of thy slave, who

who every day lifts up his venerable hands in thy behalf, and whose life is one continued scene of devotion and abstinence.

I was seized with inexpressible horror, to find thee even suggest a crime so enormous as that of breaking a solemn oath which thou hast sworn before the holy prophet. Know, dread lord, that in the writings of the four principal Imaums is the following law: " He that violateth an oath, " which he hath sworn by Mahomet, is inevitably doomed to " Aaraff."* And for what purpose

* According to the Mahometans, he that is sentenced to Aaraff cannot enjoy the felicities of Paradise, but he is secured from the torments of the damned.

pose wouldst thou perpetrate this
 wickedness? Why, merely to ob-
 tain a woman, and that woman a
 prisoner and a Christian! Consi-
 der, mighty lord, art thou not al-
 ready in possession of the most beau-
 tiful of her sex? Doth not thy se-
 raglio abound in virgins who are as
 fair as the daughters of Paradise?
 Virgins with flowing hair and lips
 of coral; tall and straight as the
 cedars on the mountain; whose
 bosoms are whiter than the swans of
 Persia; whose breaths are sweeter
 than the gale that passeth through
 Arabia the Happy. Attend to the
 blandishments of thy fair sultanas,
 and return the unhappy Seraphina

to

to her native country. Suffer her no longer to disturb thy repose. I-mitate the example of Scipio the Roman, who, in a similar situation, acted the noblest part ; presenting the fair captive to her disconsolate lover with the following memorable words :

“ When your captived mistress
“ was brought to me by my sol-
“ diers, and I was informed of
“ your extreme attachment to her,
“ (what, indeed, from her beauty
“ I easily credited,) I instantly re-
“ solved, as far as was in my pow-
“ er, to favour your views. I
“ made your case my own. I
“ considered what would be my
“ own

“ own wishes in similar circumstan-
 “ ces of an ardent and legitimate
 “ passion. With us, therefore,
 “ she has lived in the same delica-
 “ cy of reserve as when among her
 “ parents and friends. I return her
 “ spotless and inviolate, and, as
 “ such, a present worthy yourself
 “ and me.”*

Magnanimous Osman, conquer
 thy passions, and shew thyself wor-
 thy to be ranked among the true be-
 lievers !

LETTER

LETTER IV.

SERAPHINA TO JULIA.

A Few days ago I wrote to my dear Julia a tale of woe. I now resume the pen to continue the relation of my calamities.

I told you of the odious passion the tyrant had conceived for me; but I did not then perceive the fatal point where it must inevitably end. This haughty Turk, at whose nod whole kingdoms tremble, has been kneeling at my feet. He has made the most ignoble supplications. Alternately humble and arrogant, he has wounded me with entreaties,
and

and insulted me with threats. But heaven has given me courage to resist the one and despise the other.

Heaven, which has heaped upon me the heavy burthen of sorrow, has given me resolution to endure, without complaining, the punishment it inflicts. Oh ! Julia, could you now behold the tender-hearted Seraphina, who, in the calm days of prosperity, was the child of fear and gentleness ; that Seraphina, who, when we together took our evening rambles over the mountains of Kaymar, would tremble at an approaching storm, and almost shudder at the rustling of an oak ; could you now behold her, imprisoned

soned within these lofty walls,
 whose tops are covered with embra-
 sures, towers, and battlements;
 could you see her surrounded by
 her guard of black eunuchs, who
 attend on all her steps, grinning
 like demons, and flashing their
 broad sabres in the sun; or could
 you see her retired within her apart-
 ment, exposed to the hourly threats
 and insults of an unfeeling tyrant,
 whose terrible looks would almost
 petrify the heart of courage; surely
 you would drop a tear over the suf-
 ferer, and own she was an object
 of pity! Yet I am calm and re-
 signed. Heaven has increased my
 fortitude in proportion to my mi-

fery. Why should I complain, or
 what have I *now* to fear? Bereft
 of a young and amiable husband,—
 a lovely and first-born infant,—a-
 las! I have nothing more to lose.
 Nothing now remains to me but to
 seek the quiet grave. Now I could
 meet death with transport; yet
 death even to the unhappy is dread-
 ful. To me, in my former state,
 it would have been *more* than terri-
 ble. Then it was a dreary valley,
 a dark, a gloomy, scene; now it
 appears a fair prospect, that grows
 brighter as it is more closely sur-
 veyed. Its hills are covered with
 everlasting green; its paths are
 strewn with flowers: paths, that I
 long

long to tread,— paths, that lead to
happiness and to *Orlando* !

LETTER V.

SERAPHINA TO JULIA.

WHERE will my sorrows end?

My danger every moment
increases. I am surrounded by a
tide of misery. It rises, it gathers,
upon me. It will soon be at the
highest, and I must inevitably be
overwhelmed.

Read the two inclosed letters,
and you will learn the cause of this
new distress. O Julia, I could
freely die, but I cannot support a
living death !

LETTER VI.

HASSAN-HALI, PHYSICIAN TO THE
GREAT SULTAN, TO THE BEAUTI-
FUL AURORA, FAIREST OF THE
GREEK VIRGINS.

I Convey this letter privately to
thy fair hands through the aid
of Amurat the black eunuch. The
inclosed,* from the sovereign Of-
man, nearly concerns thy fair friend
Seraphina, the loveliest of captives.
As I have been admitted to her
presence by means of my profes-
sion, I have had an opportunity to
behold

behold and to admire the beauty of this unfortunate stranger. I do not wonder, charming Aurora, at thy zeal in the interests of Seraphina. Like thee she is beautiful; like thee she is sorrowful. The bright sun of happiness never shineth upon her countenance, but her tears, like thine, drop faster than the rain from heaven.

The resolution of Osman, in choosing thee for the companion of Seraphina, was a fortunate event. It was the will of the great prophet. Thou wilt sympathize in her sorrow, and assist her with thy advice. I need not tell thee, I shall find means to elude the com-
C 3
mands

mands enjoined me by the cruel Osman in the letter which I here transmit to thee. Farewel. Mayest thou enjoy the reward of thy virtues in the blisful bowers of Paradise !

LETTER VII.

OSMAN THE MAGNIFICENT, SULTAN,
TO THE PHYSICIAN HAS-
SAN-HALI.

HALI, thou hast a great share in my favour. Thou wilt continue to deserve my protection by thy good offices. I have confidence in thy discretion, therefore I open to thee the secrets of my bosom. I have a high opinion of thy skill.

skill. Thou art famous for dispersing the gross humours of the body, thou must now prescribe for a diseased mind. My disorder is of the most inveterate kind ; it is a fever of the soul. Hail, I burn with desire, but I dare not gratify my passion. I beheld a maiden, fair as the rosy morning, bright as the noon-day sun. I contemplated, with a kind of extatic rapture, the united charms of youth and innocence. I bowed down to the fair form, and swore by the great prophet never to violate it. My resolution seemed to be prompted by heaven ; but the spark of reverence that caused it is now changed to a flame of passion, which I

in vain strive to smother in my bosom. It must, it will, blaze forth. I did not suspect I should have occasion to cancel my vow. I did not imagine there could be a necessity for *violation*. I thought, if Seraphina did not, like my other sultanas, fly voluntarily to my arms, she would, at least, yield to my *intreaties*.

I tell thee, Hali, Seraphina hateth me. What! and shall Osman tamely bear the scorn of a woman? Heaven and earth! shall Osman, to gratify whose palate the surface of the globe is ransacked for beauty; Osman, who is lord of a thousand virgins; Osman, beneath the smile

smile of whose countenance beauty grows, and ripens, as the peach beneath the autumnal sun; — shall be sue, and be denied!

I cannot support the thought. My soul is worked up to madness. By heaven! this haughty fair one shall be subdued. Hali, thou art a physician. I have heard there are certain drugs, which, when properly applied, take violent hold on the imagination. In snatching a favour from one who hath not power to refuse it, we cannot be said to violate his inclination. Thou understandest me. Let a medicine of this nature be administered to Seraphina. Do it instantly,

ly, and take heed thou form not excuses, nor use deception. Shouldst thou attempt to evade my commands, the evil be on thine own head. My inclinations have once already been crossed by a Mussulman. His person was sacred, and his dignity shielded him from my resentment. The man, who next dareth to slight my injunctions, *loseth his head!*

LETTER VIII.

SERAPHINA TO JULIA.

NO longer a tame sufferer, I am roused from my lethargy of grief. I am armed with the shield
of

of indignation. Every means that human invention can furnish does this splendid tyrant put in practice in order to gain me to his purpose. He has descended from the height of despotism to become a most pusillanimous slave. The tremendous threatener is lost in the most abject of flatterers. Thus he continues the same inveterate enemy, though he has adopted a more dangerous mode of attack. This artifice hath awakened all my apprehensions, and my utmost vigilance is called forth to counteract it. The black eunuchs no longer terrify me with the clashing of their sabres; the guard is removed from
the

the gates of my apartment. No longer a close prisoner, I am free to range the gardens of the seraglio, with a band of lovely virgins in my train, who supply the place of my late sooty companions; and, to complete the folly of my oppressor, he himself kneels at my feet a hundred times a day, blazing with gold and diamonds. Alas! how short-sighted are mortals when their views are directed only to the completion of their own impetuous desires! Does he think these splendid trifles, these gaudy adulations, can compensate for the loss of my liberty? or, for what to me has been

a far greater loss, that of a tender and affectionate husband?

Oh, Julia! I here make a vow, before that great Being who looks into the hearts of men, never to bestow on another those affections which were Orlando's when he lived to bless me, and which now I devote to his memory. Orlando in the heart of Seraphina shall still live. Death has separated him from me, but it is only the separation of a moment. He is gone forward on his journey. I am preparing to follow him. In the happy days of our infancy, when we sported together, when we frolicked in the sun-shine, when we ran
over

over the green meadows, or when we rambled through the thick woods, it was then Orlando's custom to run *before*. When stopped by a brook, or caught by a bramble in the way, how have I struggled to come up with him! Alas! he is still before, and I still pant to overtake him. But the tide of woe flows high around me. Life itself is the bramble in which I now am entangled. Alas, I cannot get free!

LETTER

LETTER IX.

OSMAN, COMMANDER OF THE
FAITHFUL, TO HAMET, GRAND
VIZIER.

THOU didst right to intercept
the letters of our fair captive
to her friend. We thank thee for
thy art and thy diligence. The
means thou devisedst to effect this
were worthy thyself. Thy good
conduct fixeth thee in our best o-
pinion, and sheweth thou art equal
to the task I have imposed upon
thee. Thou well knowest, that to
subdue this proud Christian is the
favourite object of my soul. I have
it

it more at heart even than the interests of my empire. I had rather conquer this beauteous enemy than millions of kingdoms. I have rashly put it out of my power to effect this by force ; it must, therefore, be accomplished by policy. I am not sorry her first letter escaped thy notice, as it will bring an answer which may lead to some discoveries that may instruct us how best to soften the stubborn heart of Seraphina. Thou wilt be particularly careful that this answer doth not escape thy detection. As to the grand traitor Haffan-Hali the physician, let him perish in the net he hath woven for himself. He shall
 feel

feel the weight of my resentment; but let him live a little longer in unsuspecting security. His fate shall be sudden as the storm that succeedeth a perfect calm. My revenge shall fall upon him like a blast; it shall strike him as the thunderbolt from heaven.

I rejoice with thee, that we have found out the conspirators. Achmed, the aga of our Janizaries, who once dared to avow his passion for the fair Greek Aurora, is their leader. I despise these indolent Janizaries. By their cowardice I lost the battle in Poland. They shall be chastized. I tell thee, Hamet, the soldiery I intend to erect at Da-

masco shall whip them. I will myself go immediately into Asia to raise these new troops. Thou knowest I have pretended a pilgrimage to *Mecca*, to prostrate myself before the tomb of the holy prophet, whose anger is supposed to have fallen upon me on account of my ill success against the Poles. I desire thou wilt prepare my equipage for this *pretended* pilgrimage. Do not forget my treasure: get ready the furniture of my horses, my plate, and jewels. Turn all thou canst into money. Above all, be careful of the gold, and let the silver lamps in the mosques be melted. I myself will take care of
 Seraphina,

Seraphina, my most precious treasure. She shall be my companion in this enterprize. If I cannot bend her heart I will break it. My first object is to subdue *her*; my second, to crush these insolent Janizaries.

LETTER X.

JULIA TO SERAPHINA.

O Seraphina! dear friend and companion of my youth, two long weeks are now passed since I received your cruel letter. In vain I have watched every post that hath since arrived. No farther tidings

have I been able to hear of you.
 Ah, lovely mourner! why do you
 keep me in this terrible suspense?
 Every day do your disconsolate
 friends flock round me with stream-
 ing eyes and expressive looks, anxious
 to know, yet fearful to enquire,
 your destiny. Even the servants
 pass each other in gloomy silence,
 shaking their heads, and, by their
 significant gestures, shewing their
 solicitude on account of their be-
 loved mistress. Keep us no longer
 in this tormenting uncertainty. Re-
 member the promise you made in
 that letter which hath driven peace
 for ever from our bosoms: "What-
 " ever be my fate, you shall know
 " all

“ all that befalls me. Whilst I live,
 “ I will, from time to time, conti-
 “ nue the narrative of my misfor-
 “ tunes.”

O heaven ! what are we to think ?
 Seraphina, art thou too snatched
 from me ? Was it not enough to
 lose Orlando ? to lose a fond, an
 indulgent, brother ? Am I also to
 be deprived of my dearest friend ?
 A friend, who from infancy has been
 a sharer in all my joys, a partaker
 in all my sorrows. Ah ! lovely
 sufferer, are you then gone ? A-
 las ! what now avails it that all
 human means have been taken to re-
 deem you from captivity ? Why
 have we flattered ourselves with the

delusive hopes of restoring you to your weeping friends? Why have the roads to Warsaw every day swarmed with messengers? To what purpose has our interest at court proved successful?

Seraphina, if my prophetic fears are groundless, and you are still alive, have compassion on your suffering friends. Write, — instantly write. Whatever be your trials, whatever your afflictions, fear not to relate them. We know your virtue will never sink beneath your misfortunes. Your sense of duty and honour will support you under the most savage cruelties. O bear up a little longer, and all will be well!

LETTER

LETTER XI.

HAMET, GRAND VIZIER, TO OSMAN, COMMANDER OF THE GLORIOUS EMPIRE.

THE footsteps of thy humble slave, when he goeth to execute thy commands, are swift as the fleeting shadows that pass over the great desert. I here dispatch a second letter* (which I detected by the same means as the former) from the friend of the incomparable Seraphina. It seemeth to bring much intelligence; but the abilities of

D 4

thy

* Letter XII.

thy faithful servant cannot penetrate into the secrets it containeth. Dread Lord, it is like unto the Caspian sea, which hath neither beginning nor end; which hath no outlet nor communication, yet it is agitated by tides, and swelleth as if to discharge its mighty waters.

LETTER XII.

JULIA TO SERAPHINA.

O Seraphina! weep with me,—
weep with joy and transport!
I have blissful tidings to relate, that
will remove the cloud of sorrow
from your brow, and attune all
your soul to gladness and delight.

But

But I dare not trust you yet. The happy information would be too mighty for your spirits. It would overwhelm you in your present situation.

Ah! why will you not write to me? I ask but one sentence,—one line,—one word. Do but tell me you breathe.

Oh! if Seraphina has not been entirely crushed by the burthen of misery which has fallen upon her; if, after all her sufferings, she *still* lives, she will yet be supremely happy!

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

HASSAN-HALI, PHYSICIAN, TO THE
MOST LOVELY AURORA.

I HAVE an opportunity of addressing thee once more, and, for the last time, through the assistance of Amurat, the benevolent eunuch. I write to admonish thee that thou be guarded in all thy endeavours to serve thy beautiful associate, Seraphina the Christian. Thy conduct is narrowly watched. In every corner of the gardens there are female spies, who emulate each other in striving to gain the favour of the Sultan by completing

ting thy ruin. Most amiable Aurora, beware of that fawning beauty, Ardaxa, who is deceitful as the crocodile that lurketh for the Egyptian traveller. Warn thy friend against listening to her flattery, her specious advice, and, above all, *her pity.*

I am sorry to acquaint thee that all the letters which Seraphina hath written to her friend (except the first) have been stopped by Hamet the grand vizier, who hath also seized others that were addressed to her in return. Among the former is a letter which I formerly received from the sultan, and which I transmitted to thee. Seraphina inclosed it

it in a letter to her friend, and, by an unlucky perversion, it hath returned to Osman.

It behoveth me therefore to avoid the emperor's resentment. Charming Aurora, I am compelled to fly to Ispahan, but carry with me a light heart.

If thou art disposed to follow my last counsel, *dedicate thy whole life to friendship and gratitude.* Let the noble youth Achmed still hold a place in thy dearest affections. He is brave and generous. He once saved thy life, and now is meditating a design to restore thee to liberty.

I

I leave my best wishes with Seraphina, thy unfortunate companion. In thy services towards her, for thine own security, use caution; but be to her in reality a friend and sister. That she may have the consolation of writing to her afflicted friends, I have devised a stratagem to prevent her future letters from falling into the hands of Osman.

Amurat the eunuch informs me, that, in the sublime gardens, towards the Asian shore, there is a stately row of orange-trees, whose branches droop with the weight of their golden fruit, and almost render the path beneath impervious to
the

the solitary passenger. From the midst of this avenue shoots forth a close walk, planted on each side with myrtles, and overshadowed by a double row of stately oaks. A pedestal stands at the termination of the retreat, on which is fixed a small marble urn, half-hidden from the view by a profusion of eglandine and creeping honey-suckles. The urn is hollow within, and hath a lid which may be shifted at pleasure. In this vessel the fair Christian may safely deposit her letters, and the faithful Amurat will transport them thence to the house of Achmed, who, on thy account, hath interested himself in the misfortunes

fortunes of the lovely Seraphina.
He will take especial care to dis-
patch them to their appointed des-
tination.

The Polish letters, in return,
must be addressed to Achmed,
who will deliver them to the eunuch
to be lodged in the same sanctuary.

Farewel, charming Aurora!
mayest thou cease to tread the thor-
ny path of care; and may thy rosy
lips never taste the bitter cup of
disappointment!

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

OSMAN, COMMANDER OF THE
FAITHFUL, TO ZELIM, PRINCE
OF THE ROYAL EUNUCHS.

AURORA, the young Greek,
who professeth to be ardent
in our cause, we are well informed
is secretly our enemy. Intrigues
are hatching between her and the
insolent Achmed, aga of our Jani-
zaries. She must no longer be the
companion of Seraphina; there-
fore let them be immediately sepa-
rated. It is our will that Aurora
be removed to the solitary castle
that

that stands in the great wilderness at the extremity of our royal gardens. We will consider of her fate. She is a tender shrub that might have grown and flourished under our protection; but she deserves to be cropped and thrown away ere she be ready to blossom.

Towards the mistress of my soul, the lovely Seraphina, there must be observed a different conduct. Zel-
lim, she is like the stately fir on the brow of Carmel, that trembles at the rude assault of Eastern winds, but cannot be uprooted by the mightiest tempest. Let her continue in the magnificent apartments. Anticipate all her desires, and gra-

tify every wish of her heart. Let her have young and handsome virgins to attend her. Select from the haram those of the most noble air and delicate shape, and let their dresses be composed of the richest stuffs, and ornamented with the brightest diamonds. Let their golden belts be curiously wrought, and the most brilliant jewels sparkle in their hair. When she goeth to the bath, the virgins shall strew roses and violets in her way; and, when she walketh forth to muse in the gardens, they will frolic before her, and delight her with their play.

They

They will glide over the smooth-shaven green to the sound of the sweetest instruments, hide themselves near the flowery alleys where she passeth, and suddenly spring forth from the lemon-groves to surprise her. They will fix the tendrils of grape-vines and the boughs of jasmine across the paths, and imprison each other in thickets of myrtles, sweet-briers, and honeysuckles.

No desires will they have but to feast the senses of Seraphina. Their delight will be to dance before her in a thousand graceful attitudes; displaying their small tapering ankles, and unveiling their white bo-

soms to the sun-beam. To indulge her senses with sweet odours, they will brush through the fragrant plants of myrrh, olives, and cardamum; and their songs, by moonlight, will ravish her ears with the sweetest melody. Her apartment shall be called the Temple of Happiness. The swallows shall build their propitious nests beneath her roof: the melodious nightingale shall warble under her windows: the doves shall sit in couples on the orange-trees: the goldfinches shall inhabit the filbert-hedges that encompass her dwelling. The banks of the running waters, that wind around her, shall be covered with the

the sweetest flowers: the whitest swans shall sport in the reedy rivers that murmur near her retreat.

Zelim, I must possess her. My happiness, my very existence, depends upon her smile. The pleasures that attend a crown are insipid without her. Without Seraphina enjoyment is but excess of misery. Glory itself is but an empty idea, a fleeting shadow, and life a wilderness of weeds and thorns. Zelim, I must not lose her. I had rather be deprived of the empire of the faithful!

LETTER XV.

AURORA, THE GREEK, TO SERA-
PHINA.

I Have escaped one moment from the vigilance of my guard, to inform my dear friend that she may safely trust her letters in the marble urn, in which she will soon find another epistle from the afflicted Aurora.

LETTER

LETTER XVI.

HAMET, GRAND VIZIER, TO OS-
MAN, KING OF THE EARTHLY
PARADISE.

MAGNANIMOUS Sultan, as
the fig-tree droopeth be-
neath the rays of the glorious sun,
so doth thy servant prostrate him-
self when he approacheth towards
thy presence. Dread lord, it is the
duty of thy slave to study, *first*, thy
personal welfare, and, afterwards,
the interests of thy splendid empire.

Illustrious Osman, beware of
thine enemies! Every corner of

the sublime Porte teemeth with conspirators; slaves who are dissatisfied with thy government; who behold with jealous eyes the glorious splendour of thy reign. Mighty prince, it is necessary to hasten thy journey to Damasco. The people are highly averse from thy undertaking; nay, there are traitors who pretend to pry into thy real design. The Janizaries and Spahies* came unto me in a tumultuous manner, and, in high, insolent, language, commanded me to withdraw my approbation, and dissuade thee from the pilgrimage. But I have begun the preparations
 necessary

* Horse-soldiers.

necessary for the enterprize. Thy plate hath been melted, and sent over to the Asian shore; and the silver lamps from the mosques are boiling in crucibles.

For thy beautiful companion, Seraphina, I have prepared a most sumptuous retinue. The turbans of her slaves are covered with ostrich feathers: her horse is a milk-white Arabian: her bridle is studded with diamonds: and a hundred virgins have been employed in embroidering her saddle-cloth with flowers of silver and gold.

Dread lord, beware of thine enemies! They are numerous as the sands on the immeasurable desert.

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

OSMAN, SOVEREIGN OF THE EARTH,
TO HAMET, GRAND VIZIER OF
THE ILLUSRTIOUS PORTE.

HAMET, preach no more!
The foul of Ofman is a
stranger to fear.

Am I not lord of the holy cities
Mecca and Medina, shining with
divine glory? Heaven itself would
blast the arm that should be raised
against the commander of the faith-
ful!

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.**SERAPHINA TO JULIA.**

AT length I have found means to convey a second letter to my dearest friend. I call it a *second*, because, although I have written many, you have received but one. The rest have fallen into the hands of Osman.

Providence, my dear Julia, has hitherto enabled me to withstand the subtle attacks of this despicable tyrant, who is practising upon me the most refined arts of deception.

I

I am lodged in superb apartments, in the gardens of the seraglio. The sweets of Paradise bloom around me. The most delightful productions of art and nature conspire to furnish me with a succession of pleasures. Luxurious entertainments are continually prepared on my account. Does Osman think these tinselled pageants can afford *me* any real satisfaction? How little do these Eastern voluptuaries know of the human mind! By his ideas of happiness he measures mine. Julia, he is applying to the senses what he should address to the heart.

In

In Continuation.

I have been interrupted by Osman. He came to me, attended by a splendid train, in order to conduct me to a *spectacle*. As it may give you some idea of the amusements of the seraglio, I will attempt a description of this entertainment.

At the gate of my apartments, I was placed in an open chariot, on the right hand of the sultan. We were drawn by eight slaves, whose dresses were of the richest silks, embroidered with gold. A party of eunuchs, with drawn sabres, preceded the carriage. Immediately
ly

ly behind us came their general, followed by an innumerable train of attendants. In this manner we proceeded through the gardens of the serail, till we came to a close serpentine walk, that winds through a thick grove of cypress, laurel, almonds, balsams, and other beautiful shrubs; at the end of which we beheld a magnificent gate. Here we alighted from our carriage: the gate immediately opened, and we saw twelve female slaves, who conducted us a few paces up a narrow avenue to a small grotto, into which we entered, and thence descended to a subterraneous passage, whose sides and roof were of polished

lished marble, and illuminated by an immense number of lamps of various colours. We proceeded a considerable way through this passage, when we came to a winding staircase, which we began to ascend. We now lost sight of the lamps : the light of the sun broke in upon us, and brightened as we advanced. But, when we arrived at the top, I was astonished by a scene which opened suddenly to my view. I found myself beneath a most superb canopy, situated in the midst of a circular green, which was surrounded by a thick plantation of evergreens, intermixed with flowering shrubs, and scattered over with the
most

most delicious fruit-trees in full bearing, such as oranges, almonds, figs, lemons, and pomegranates. I was seated on a sofa at the right hand of the sultan, and the slaves, who had hitherto attended us, served up a refreshment in golden vessels, consisting of coffee, sherbet, and exquisite sweet-meats. Meanwhile, the most charming voices, accompanied by musical instruments, issued from every part of the surrounding grove. As soon as our repast was finished, upon an appointed signal, the whole lawn was in an instant covered with beautiful females, who suddenly sprang from behind the trees, where they had

had been concealed. A party of them immediately began to play and sing the sweetest airs; whilst others danced round them with exquisite grace and agility, exhibiting their lovely forms in the most fascinating attitudes.

As soon as the dance was finished, they approached our tent, headed by a sultana, remarkable for her beauty, who carried in her hand a small wreath composed of white jasmine-flowers and violets, which she had knotted together; and, first bowing herself to the ground, placed it on my temples. A general shout of triumph was now given; and I was conducted back to my a-

partments amidst the acclamations of these beautiful but unfortunate females.

In Continuation.

I have now a prospect of hearing from my dearest Julia, which is the greatest consolation I can possibly receive in my present unhappy state.

I have kept this back to inform you that a letter will reach me by being directed, under cover, to "*The illustrious Achmed, aga of the Janizaries, at Constantinople.*" This method of conveyance has been agreed upon by my friends. Be not surprised

I

I say *friends*! I repeat the word with gratitude! Yes, dearest Julia, in a nation of barbarians, shut up among slaves and infidels, has your Seraphina found two compassionate beings, who, though they cannot restore her to tranquillity, have, at least, alleviated her sufferings! One of these is a lovely Greek captive, who has assisted me with her counsel, and participated in all my sorrows. But, alas! she too has been taken away. And the only *real* friend I have now left, among myriads of flatterers, is a poor faithful slave, to whom nature has given a countenance dark as ebony, but has added to it a gene-

rous and feeling heart. His very smiles are fierce and terrific, but his soul shrinks and draws back at the touch of woe. Julia, at the relation of my sufferings, I have seen the tear of pity trickle down the cheek of this amiable savage. O bounteous nature ! thou art every where the same. The possessor of a palace and the wild inhabitant of a desert are alike thy children. Thou hast dealt to them an equal share of feeling ; and they are sparks of the same valuable diamond differently polished.

* * In the cabinet which I left
in your possession you will find,
wrapped

wrapped up in sattin paper, a lock of poor Orlando's hair. Do not forget to send it in your letter. During the short time I have to live, I will wear it, as a most precious relict, next my heart.

LETTER XIX.

ACHMED, AGA OF THE INVINCIBLE
JANIZARIES, TO THE CHARMER
OF HIS SOUL, AURORA, FAIREST
OF THE GREEKS.

A MURAT the eunuch, who
bringeth a letter, which I
have received from the unfortunate

F 3 captive,

captive, hath promised to conceal
 this within a marble urn in the
 sublime gardens, where he assureth
 me thou wilt inevitably find it.

As he is in great haste, I have only
 time to inform thee that I have
 heard of thy disgrace and confine-
 ment. Excellent Aurora! thou
 knowest my heart! what then dost
 thou think are my feelings? Fair
 charmer of my soul, I here swear,
 by the faith of a Mussulman, I
 will never seek to enjoy again the
 sweet society of peace till I have sa-
 tisfied my revenge. By the holy
 prophet, I will not rest till I have
 deposed this mighty sultan. Hath
 he not robbed me of all my earthly
 treasure?

treasure ? Did he not snatch thee from me in the very moment when my expectations were wound up to the highest pitch of happiness ? when I was on the eve of being united to thee *for ever* ? The soul of Osman is loaded with the guilt of base ingratitude, malice, and perfidy. Let him dread my resentment ! I have gained a party who are zealous in my cause. They shall make this ungenerous monarch tremble on his throne like a reed shaken by a thousand winds.

LETTER XX.

JULIA TO SERAPHINA.

O SERAPHINA! O my friend! how will you be able to bear the transporting tidings? **HE LIVES!** *Orlando*, your husband!—*Orlando*, my dearest brother! Gracious heaven, this is too much!

LETTER

LETTER XXI.

SERAPHINA TO JULIA.

BEWARE, Julia, how you sport with my calamities. Your delusive letter, by inspiring me with false hopes, can neither charm away my reason, nor cheat me into tranquillity. Julia, is this well done? I could have borne all but this. Have I not met all my misfortunes with a becoming dignity? Have I not despised a tyrant's threats, his cruelties, and imprisonment? Alas! I could have suffered

suffered even more from a barbarian : I could have died in shameful tortures like a slave : but from a friend, a *female* friend ! — Julia, you have harrowed up my soul : you have awakened all my passions : you have offered me hopes which my own conviction tells me must end in despair : yet I *do* hope in spite of myself.

Orlando living ! Ah, my disordered senses ! Surely I shall lose my reason ! My mind is tossed from thought to thought : — my whole frame is shaken by contending passions. *Orlando living !* It is false ! I saw Orlando die : — I saw my dear lord slain by ruffians : — I saw him fall with a smiling infant
in

in his arms :—I saw him bleed :—
 I saw him hacked in pieces.——
 The hideous scene is now before
 my eyes. See ! — the barbarians
 spring from behind the tent !—they
 come near us ! — See their lifted
 swords, their frightful countenances !
 Mark that hard-faced savage !
 He strikes — again ! Fly,
 dear Orlando, fly for safety !—A-
 nother cruel gash !—Ah, my poor
 infant !—Another ! — Oh villains,
 villains ! in pity forbear.—Fly yet,
 my poor drooping Orlando !——

He falls, and I am—*lost* !

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

JULIA TO SERAPHINA. (Previous
to the receipt of the former.)

YES, Seraphina, he lives! In my hurry and agitation of spirits I forgot to tell you that I had received a letter from a young officer, named Carlos, acquainting me that Orlando was living, but that his wounds were supposed mortal; and desiring me to hasten to a village called Rosdyke, about six leagues from Bracklaw. I arrived there in three days, and alighted at

a little clay hut on the side of a common, the only house of entertainment in the village. I enquired for Orlando ; and was informed, that an officer of that name, who had been wounded in the battle, lay dangerously ill of his wounds at the house of a peasant, on the opposite side of the heath. I flew towards the cottage. Carlos, who saw me approach, ran and caught me in his arms. I had scarcely strength enough to pronounce, in the faintest tone, " Does he yet survive ? "

" Yes ! "

" Happy be he," I exclaimed, " that announceth the joyful ti-

" dings !

“ dings! O shew me to him instantly!”

“ You must not see him yet.

“ I must, — I will! O let me once more behold the tenderest of brothers!”

“ You cannot see him at present,” continued Carlos; “ it would be highly improper. His fever is now at its crisis. He is in a high delirium.”

“ Then he has more need of assistance.”

“ Be assured he has enough. The surgeon is now with him. I have not left him a moment these four days.”

“ Ah, poor Orlando!”

“ Indeed

“ Indeed you are too much agi-
 “ tated. Try to compose your-
 “ self. You must want refresh-
 “ ment. Let me support you to
 “ the cottage.”

After this short dialogue, he led me into a detached room in the peasant's hut. When I was seated, he stepped away for a moment, and returned with a cake of brown bread and a small pitcher of new milk ; after which he immediately retired. In about a quarter of an hour he again entered the room, apparently in the highest spirits. “ Do not despair,” said he, “ we
 “ shall yet be happy. The sur-
 “ geon has sanguine hopes of Or-
 “ lando :

“lando : his fever has greatly sub-
 “sided, and he is now in a most
 “delicious sleep.” I lifted up
 my hands to return thanks to hea-
 ven, and Carlos thus proceeded.
 “Madam, the apprehensions I en-
 “tertained for the fate of your
 “brother, at a moment when he
 “was in the greatest danger, will,
 “I hope, be thought a sufficient
 “excuse for the rough and inat-
 “tentive manner in which I first
 “received you. My mind is now
 “more calm ; and, as you un-
 “doubtedly are desirous to know
 “by what providential means Or-
 “lando has been restored to his
 “friends, after the whole army
 “supposed

“ supposed him massacred, I will
 “ relate the matter in a few words.”

“ Orlando, in the evening after
 “ the battle, hurried to a tent in
 “ the vicinity of our camp, where
 “ his beautiful wife Seraphina had
 “ retired during the danger of the
 “ day. They were suddenly at-
 “ tacked by a straggling party of
 “ the enemy. Orlando soon fell,
 “ and the unfortunate Seraphina
 “ was carried off in triumph.”

“ The following morning, when
 “ the news of Orlando’s death ar-
 “ rived in the army, an officer,
 “ who had fought near Orlando
 “ during the hottest of the engage-
 “ ment, and had been a witness to

“ the gallant exploits he had per-
 “ formed, determined to see the
 “ body of his companion decently
 “ interred. He took a small party
 “ with him, for that purpose, to
 “ the spot where the catastrophe
 “ had happened. They found the
 “ body covered with wounds, and
 “ were about to perform the rites
 “ of burial, when, to their asto-
 “ nishment, they perceived it bore
 “ some signs of life. It was im-
 “ mediately wrapped up in flan-
 “ nels, and conveyed in a litter to
 “ this cottage.

“ It is not necessary, madam, to
 “ recount the various anxieties we
 “ have since felt, on account of
 “ your

“ your brother, during the diffe-
 “ rent stages of the fever which
 “ attacked him in consequence of
 “ his wounds. It is sufficient that
 “ I assure you he is now *past all*
 “ *danger.*”

I will leave you to dwell with
 rapture on these last words. Fare-
 wel, and hope every thing !

G 2

LETTER

LETTER XXIII.

AURORA, THE GREEK, TO SERA-
PHINA.

THE promise which I made you some time ago, to furnish you with a narrative of my life, I am, at length, able to complete. You will find, my sweet friend, that, young as I am, I have struggled with many misfortunes; among the greatest of which I number the loss of your charming society.

THE

T H E
H I S T O R Y
O F
A U R O R A,

The Greek Virgin.

I was born at a small town, called Karais, in the province of Macedonia, situated to the west of the Archipelago. Before I was five years old, I was sold by my parents to a

G 3 Turkish

Turkish merchant,* who regularly visits Karaist twice a year to buy up the handsomest girls in the neighbourhood. This merchant, a few years before, had purchased my sister. The probability of my finding her inspired me with hopes which soon banished from my mind the grief I at first conceived at so sudden a separation from my parents. I was taken to the merchant's house, which he had built at Belgrade,† as a receptacle for his female slaves.

Here

* " I have been assured that children are frequently
 " sold to the Turks by their parents. They are the
 " only slaves whose beauty and attractions can be care-
 " fully improved."

Mem. B. Tott.

† A village near Constantinople.

Here they are taught music, dancing, singing, and other accomplishments; and, when their education is completed, they are sold to the best bidders, who are generally persons of the first rank among the Turks. I had resided but a short time in this seminary, when an old officer, belonging to the grand seignior's household, came to select slaves for his haram. He had purchased three beautiful young women, and was about to retire, when, accidentally casting his eyes on me, he surveyed me attentively for some time; then, turning to the merchant, "I have elected wives," said he,

" but, at my advanced age, I have
 " little reason to expect that hea-
 " ven will bless me with a child,
 " therefore I must have this lovely
 " infant." My price was soon a-
 greed upon, and I was taken home
 by the officer. But my continuance
 with him was not of long duration,
 owing to the following accident.
 This superindant of the seraglio,
 like most of the Turkish nobility,
 had contracted the odious habit of
 swallowing opium. It happened one
 day, during a fit of intoxication,
 that he had been boasting to a
 young Turk of the superior beauty
 of his women; and, a dispute ari-
 sing, he invited the youth to his
 haram,

haram, that he might be enabled to judge for himself. This project, notwithstanding its extravagance, was soon put in execution. The door suddenly flew open, and the women were surprised and confounded to see a man in their apartment. Their shrieks and lamentations were a proof of the horror they felt at this infringement of their privileges. They threw their veils over their faces; but not till their visitor had been allowed sufficient time to contemplate their beauties. The result of this interview was very natural. The young Mussulman conceived a particular attachment to Armida, the flower of the haram,

haram, and, by secret means, soon apprised her of his affection. Armida, not a little flattered by the preference he paid her, began to yield her heart. In short, after a clandestine courtship, she agreed to elope with him. I had always been her favourite : she acquainted me with her design. She painted the sweets of liberty in the brightest colours. The picture took hold of my young imagination, and I was soon prevailed upon to accompany her in the enterprize. After the parties had agreed, the necessary cautions being taken, our plan was quickly accomplished. The cautious lovers had taken care to bribe
the

the eunuchs who guarded the haram. The signal of departure was given at midnight, when we descended softly into the garden, where we were met by our deliverer, who conducted us to a house in the suburbs of Constantinople.

In this agreeable retreat we lived in a state of perfect happiness. I frequently went with Armida to the public baths. One day I was rather surpris'd at being noticed, in a very particular manner, by a handsome young female, who watched me closely from place to place, during the whole time we continued in the bath. Supposing myself only an object of her curiosity,

sity, I thought no more of her
 strange behaviour. But, the next
 time I went, my confusion increa-
 sed when I found she observed me
 with the same marked attention.
 She now began to make advances,
 and at length ventured to speak to
 me. Her polite address, and enga-
 ging manners, soon interested me
 in her behalf. Every time I met
 her afterwards, her conversation was
 still more pleasing, till we, at last,
 became the most intimate friends.
 And, considering the difference of
 our ages, Daxalla being nineteen
 years old, and a very accomplished
 young woman, you may be assured
 I did not lose by this new alliance.

My

My love for this charming companion increased daily. I felt myself restless and fretful when I was absent from her, and my visits to the bath, on her account, became more frequent. One day, while we were sitting in the chiofk* belonging to the baths, I was admiring the beauty of the gardens, when Daxalla said to me, with the sweetest

* A chiofk is a large room in the middle of a garden, commonly beautified with a fine fountain in the midst of it. It is raised nine or ten steps, and inclosed with gilded lattices, round which vines, jessamines, and honey-suckles, form a sort of green wall. Large trees are planted round this place, where the Turkish ladies spend most of their time, employed by their music and embroidery.

Lady M. Montague.

sweetest grace imaginable, "It is
 " for the sake of enjoying your so-
 " ciety, my dear Aurora, that I
 " visit this place, and not on ac-
 " count of the gardens, as those
 " which belong to my own house
 " are, I think, infinitely preferable.
 " If you will accompany me home,
 " and survey them, I think you
 " will be of my opinion."

I joyfully accepted this invitation,
 but was surprised to find, instead of
 a house, a perfect palace. The
 grandeur of every thing around fil-
 led me with admiration. My love-
 ly friend now informed me that the
 habitation I saw belonged to the
 chief treasurer of the seraglio, to
 whom

whom she had been married about two years. "My dearest Solyman," said she, "has three other wives; but, far from being my rivals, they are shut up in the haram, where he seldom sees them.* His whole attention is lavished on me." She had hardly done speaking, when Solyman came into the room. The affectionate manner of their meeting gave

* The Turkish women contribute but little to the pleasures of their possessor. I am well convinced, from what I know of several of my friends, that, except in the case of some new slave, who may excite their curiosity, the haram only inspires them with disgust. There are many Turks who never enter it but to restore tranquillity when the superintendant is no longer able.

B. D. Tott.

gave me a high idea of their happiness. I perceived that nature had designed them for each other.

The flattering recommendations of my dear friend soon made me a favourite with Solyman. Finding the notice he took of me was highly grateful to his wife, he loaded me with caresses. In fine, I yielded to their joint intreaties, and continued to reside with them entirely.

It is impossible to tell how happily I lived with Daxalla and her husband. A year, almost imperceptibly, flew away, and every day brought us fresh pleasures, and made us dearer to each other.

I had advanced to my tenth year, when a fatal accident put a period to all our enjoyments. Although I lived in separate apartments, with Daxalla, I used frequently to visit the ladies in the haram, who did not fail to gain my affections by romping with me, and joining in other childish amusements. One day, after we had been frolicking together, I was observing, with regret, that Daxalla had, for several days, been subject to a dejection of spirits; when the youngest of these females, who was really a beautiful woman, laughing, told me, she had a specific that would presently relieve her disorder, and

make her as wild and full of gaiety as myself. She then produced a small paper of white powder, telling me, if I would mix that remedy with Daxalla's coffee, I should soon see its good effects; at the same time desiring me to do it privately, otherwise the drug would lose its virtue. Pleased with the contrivance, I took care to apply the remedy as was directed. Daxalla had been thoughtful all day; but her spirits were now enlivened, and she was particularly conversable. "Without doubt," said she, "you
 " have often wondered at the
 " strange manner in which our in-
 " timacy

" timacy commenced : you have
 " told me you thought my beha-
 " viour, when I first saw you, un-
 " accountable ; but, my dearest
 " girl, you could not imagine how
 " strongly I was prepossessed in
 " your favour. I did not then
 " know to what cause I could attri-
 " bute my violent emotions, but
 " I have since unravelled the mys-
 " tery. I have found ——"
 here she burst into tears, fixed her
 eyes upon me for a moment, with
 the most piercing attention, then,
 clasping me round the neck, ex-
 claimed, " O *Aurora*, I am your
 " *sister* !"

Just at this conjuncture Solyman returned from the serail.* Daxalla made known to him the cause of our excessive transport. He was greatly affected by this happy incident, took me in his arms, called me his sister a thousand times, and promised never to forsake me. Daxalla then told me by what means she came to know me when we first met at the public baths, and was proceeding to state her reasons for confining the secret of our affinity so long to her own bosom, when she was suddenly taken ill. Solyman, knowing she was

subject

subject to trifling indispositions, which generally were of short continuance, was, at first, not much alarmed. But, looking at her earnestly soon afterwards, he turned pale, and cried, in a pathetic tone, that pierced my soul, "*Daxalla, I have lost thee! By heaven and the prophet, thou art poisoned!*" He had hardly pronounced these words, when I felt unusual horror. I recollected administering the drug, and conjectured the cause of Daxalla's indisposition. The most terrible apprehensions rushed like a torrent upon my mind.

Solyman, wrapt in amazement, stood, fixed as a statue, gazing at

the beautiful sufferer, whose tender
 limbs were already convulsed. " It
 " is true," said she, " my dearest
 " Solyman, I feel my dissolution
 " near, but I am not afraid to die,
 " Be assured, the thoughts of be-
 " ing separated from you are in-
 " finitely more painful than the
 " pangs of approaching death.
 " But I do not murmur at my fate.
 " Have I not already arrived at the
 " summit of human happiness?
 " Have I not been blest in your in-
 " violable love? I now die in
 " your presence. Ah! how much
 " more reason have I to rejoice
 " than if I had out-lived your af-
 " fection! I have but one request
 " to

“ to make. My sister is young:
“ be you the guardian of her ten-
“ der years : let her still remain
“ under your protection.”

Solyman could not reply to this affectionate address except by sobs and the most expressive gestures.

“ One thing I had forgotten,” rejoined the fainting Daxalla,
“ I fall a sacrifice to jealousy ; but
“ I conjure you not to revenge my
“ death on my rivals. In their
“ state, I do not know to what ex-
“ tremities my unbounded love for
“ you might have carried me.”

“ Not seek revenge !” cried Solyman, irritated to a degree of

H 4 phrensy,

phrensy, "I will pierce the heart
 "of the murderer. I will——"

"Oh! dispatch *me* now then," I
 interrupted, "and ease me of my
 "insufferable agony, for I am the
 "murderer of Daxalla. Mife-
 "rable wretch that I am! I have
 "poisoned my only sister!"

Solyman started back. — His
 hand moved involuntarily to his
 sabre. Daxalla raised her head
 from the couch. Her astonishment
 seemed, for a moment, to ward off
 the bitter pangs of death.

I then told them the manner of
 my using the white powder, which
 had been given me by the women
 of the haram, and was lamenting
 my

my inadvertence in following their instructions, when I was interrupted by Daxalla. "Enough," she said, "my Aurora, you are innocent : my suspicions are now confirmed ; I am the victim of envy." My dear sister then clasped me to her bosom, and soon afterwards expired in the arms of her affectionate husband !

From this time, Solyman sunk into a settled melancholy. He fastened the doors of his haram, and never would enter them afterwards. My sister's injunctions in her dying moments he did not forget. I was his only favourite and companion. He treated me with
the

the same respect and attention as though my sister had been still living; and, in return, I considered him as my brother, and loved him tenderly.

But we did not remain long in this enviable state of tranquillity. Solyman, on his return late one night from the seraglio, told me the affairs of his office required his attendance at Medina,* and, as his business would admit of no delay,

* A town in Arabia, famous for containing a stately mosque, which is supported by two pillars, and furnished with three hundred lamps. It is called by the Turks *most holy*, because in it is the coffin of their prophet Mahomet, covered with cloth of gold, under a canopy of silver cloth curiously embroidered.

lay, he could not wait till a regular caravan crossed the desert, but should take a private guard, and set forward in a few days. He concluded with inviting me to accompany him on his journey. Having heard much of the beauty and riches of this celebrated place, my curiosity was sharpened by his invitation, and I accepted it with pleasure.

The common precautions being taken for our safety, we began our journey. The wild uncultivated face of the desert had an air of desolation that, at first, raised in my mind ideas of melancholy. Behind every barren rock which we passed,

passed, I imagined I saw a band of robbers. Solyman strove by his wit and raillery to chase away my fears, but I continued to prophecy we should be attacked; and, on the second evening of our march, my predictions were actually fulfilled. We halted in a valley, where we pitched our tents. Our camels were unloaded. We had placed our carpets on the ground, and were just taking out provisions for our evening repast, when we were surprised by a band of Arabs, who appeared on the hills above. They poured down upon us on all sides, and, before

we could prepare for our defence,
we were prisoners.

The banditti, after dividing the
spoil, separated into two divisions,
which took different routs across
the desert. To one of these I was
a captive; and I had the mortifi-
cation to see my dearest friend and
companion, Solyman, carried off
by the other. The cruel circum-
stance of being parted from my
brother was worse to me than death.
I was so much affected by it, that I
became entirely forgetful of my
own danger, and regardless of what
might befall me. We travelled till
about half an hour before sun-set,
when we alighted near a range of
steep

steep rocks. Some of the robbers immediately crawled up the precipices, whilst others staid below to unload, and take care of the baggage. One of them, who, by his superior gravity and appearance, seemed to be their chief, took me in his arms, and began to ascend. I was amazed at the facility with which he climbed up the most dangerous heights. When we had gained the summit of the cliffs, we descended on the other side. I found myself in a large square, surrounded every where by high rocks, under which were several small buildings, that seemed to be composed of the loose stones that had fallen

fallen from the huge masses above. I was conducted into an unfinished room in the largest of these rude buildings, which I soon found to be the habitation of the chief. It was well lighted up, and the furniture, which, without doubt, had been selected at different times from the spoils which they had taken, was both rich and elegant. A table was spread, and the banditti sat down to an excellent supper; during which, I was placed at the right hand of the captain, whose commands, I found, were absolute. When the repast was finished, he demanded silence. The robbers immediately arose, and stood in the most

most respectful attitudes, with their arms crossed before them, whilst he spoke to the following effect.

“ My brave companions, as we
 “ all run the same risk of falling
 “ in battle, it is but justice that
 “ each of us should have an equal
 “ claim to the riches that are gain-
 “ ed by our common bravery.
 “ Though you have elected me
 “ your captain, given me unbound-
 “ ed authority, and even allowed
 “ me the power of life and death,
 “ yet I never encroached upon
 “ your liberties. I never sought
 “ to promote my own interest at the
 “ expence of the public welfare.
 “ If, by chance, there have been
 “ those

“ those among us who were my e-
“ nemies, I never sacrificed my
“ honour to private resentment,
“ but suffered them to live till they
“ were condemned by the laws of
“ our republic. And, as to pri-
“ zes, I have never desired more
“ than to share in common with
“ you all. If ye have any charges
“ against me, let them now be
“ brought forward.”

Here the captain of the robbers
was interrupted by the loudest plau-
dits. Every one strove to be the
first in expressing his regard for this
affectionate leader, and he thus
proceeded:

Vol. I. I “ These

“ These generous testimonies of
 “ your approbation give me the
 “ greatest pleasure. I am now
 “ come to my principal point,
 “ which is to beg of you to grant
 “ me as a *favour* what I could
 “ claim as a *right*, were I not far
 “ superior to such a meanness. I
 “ need only say farther, that I have
 “ conceived a particular regard for
 “ this beautiful young Greek.”

Shouts of applause now burst
 forth with redoubled energy, and
 were echoed from every part of the
 surrounding rocks. He then turned
 to me, and, observing me in
 tears, “ Be not alarmed,” he cried,
 “ my dear child, you have nothing-
 “ to

“ to fear. You will find in me a
 “ protector and a father. Alas!
 “ I am not yet divested of a pa-
 “ rent’s feelings. — I once had a
 “ daughter,” continued this ve-
 “ nerable old man, shedding tears,
 “ but she is now in heaven: you
 “ shall supply her place in my dear-
 “ est affections. He then rang a
 “ bell, and an old woman attend-
 “ ed. Drasilla,” said he, “ attend
 “ this young innocent to your a-
 “ partment, and treat her with
 “ kindness. She is henceforth to
 “ be looked upon as my daugh-
 “ ter.” I was conducted by Dra-
 filla to a small building, which
 stood under a rock, on the opposite

side of the enclosure. The assurances, that had been given me by the commander of the Arabs, a little alleviated the terrible apprehensions I had at first entertained for my own safety; but I still trembled for the fate of my unfortunate brother. During the whole night I reflected with horror on the dreadful state in which he had been plunged, and my fears, on his account, drove from me every inclination to rest. On the following morning, Abhallan (for that was the name of the captain) came to pay me his respects. He made use of the most softening endearments to render my confinement tolerable.

Indeed,

Indeed, from this moment, his behaviour was marked with the same tender regard as if he had really been my father. All his leisure hours were devoted to me. Among the spoils of the robbers there was a guittar, on which I practised for my amusement. Abhallan was charmed with my execution, and, when he could excuse himself from attending his party on their excursions, he would sit whole days, delighted to hear me sing and play on this instrument. He would frequently relate to me the exploits of the banditti, in which, though they often made me shudder, I did not dare to interrupt

him. But he solemnly assured me, that, if any wanton barbarities were committed, it was not by his consent, for that he never failed to punish the offenders.

Abhallan one day informed me that a dispute had arisen between his company and the party that had joined them when I was captured; and that, as the latter had broken a treaty which had long subsisted between the two detachments, he had determined to punish them, and intended to go out the next day for that purpose. When he returned, he told me their opponents had all escaped except one; but *him* they were going

ing to sacrifice to their resentment. I expatiated with him on the cruelty of this proceeding, but he excused himself by saying, that, although his own heart opposed it, yet it was warranted by the rules of their society, and he dared not to infringe an established law.

The execution being to take place in the open space between the rocks, I could not avoid seeing it from the window of my apartment. The prisoner was led out, and fastened to a stake. Six of the Arabs were placed a few yards off, with their carbines presented, waiting for the word of command to fire, whilst another stood at some dis-

tance from his side with a drawn scymitar, ready to strike off his head, as soon as he should fall, and present it to the commander.

At this dreadful moment I happened to cast my eyes attentively on the criminal ; but, good God ! what was my astonishment when I found he was no other than Solyman, my only friend and brother ! No language can express the torments I felt. Even the remembrance of them at this distance of time makes me tremble. At first, I thought of falling at the feet of Abhallan to implore mercy ; but he was on the other side of the enclosure, and I reflected, that, before

fore I could reach him, my unfortunate brother would be no more. I recollected the words of my dying sister, and how faithfully Solyman had performed the promise he had made her. He had cherished, loved, and protected, me. I cannot live without him, said I to myself; there is but one way left:—— then, throwing open the door of my apartment, I flew to him, clasped him round the neck, and cried out, “ *fire away, savages, for I will die with my benefactor!*”

Abhallan, greatly alarmed, ran towards me to enquire the reason of my strange conduct. I fell upon my knees, told him that Solyman
was

was my brother, and earnestly begged he would either save *his* life or dispatch me. "Undoubtedly," said he, turning to his lieutenant, "this unhappy child is raving, and knows not what she says; however, let the execution be suspended." I was transported with joy. I hung round Abhallan, took his hand, and bathed it with tears of gratitude. In the meanwhile, the eyes of Solyman were immoveably fixed on me. He appeared to suspect the whole was the effect of enchantment. He was reconducted to his former place of confinement, and I retired to reflect on this providential event.

It

It was not long before Abhallan came to visit me, and introduced Solyman. "Aurora," he cried, "behold your brother! I admire his courage. He has joined our company, and I have made him second in command." He then left us precipitately. — I cannot describe the happiness I enjoyed in seeing my dearest friend once more in safety. When our mutual congratulations were over, he informed me, that, after we had been separated on the desert, to save his life he enlisted with the Arabs, from whom he had been retaken by Abhallan's party.

Solyman

Solyman became a great favourite of the banditti, and the confident of their captain; but a fortunate accident soon after occurred, which gave us an opportunity of effecting our escape. The Arabs having come to a determination to take up their residence in a different part of the desert, the camels were loaded with the principal part of the furniture, and we set forward towards our new habitation. We had not travelled long, when we fell in with a party of Janizaries, which the banditti insolently agreed to attack. Soon after the engagement began, Solyman, happening to front the commander of the regular

gular troops, knew him to be Achmed, his most intimate friend. He retreated immediately to the rear of our detachment, where I had been placed for safety, and, catching me in his arms, said, “ Aurora, you
 “ once saved my live : now is the
 “ time to shew my gratitude.”—He shot through our lines, ran almost up to the front rank of the Janizaries, and cried out, “ *Achmed, I*
 “ *am your companion, — I am Soly-*
 “ *man.—Protect this innocent : she*
 “ *is my sister.*” Achmed came forward in an instant, and we were covered by the troops. Abhallan, greatly enraged, made a desperate effort

effort to recover us, but his party was quickly defeated, and fled.

We returned to Constantinople. Solyman resumed his employment and dignity in the seraglio. He again took possession of his house, where we lived in perfect harmony. Achmed became our constant visitor. As he had seen me before, I admitted him to my presence, and would often go unveiled before him.* He was a young man of an amiable

* A law called *Namekrem* forbids marriageable females to unveil, and wives, also, to any man except their husbands. This law certainly is not favourable to marriages of inclination. A Turk, therefore, marries the daughter of his neighbour, or his widow, without knowing her. He can only determine by the

amiable disposition; you will not wonder therefore, my charming friend, that a tender connexion soon took place between us. In short, the day was fixed for the celebration of our nuptials : but the story of my rescue having made some noise in the city, it at last reached the ears of the grand seignior, who expressed a desire to see me. It seems the description of my beauty had been greatly exaggerated ; for, when I appeared in the seraglio, Osman, after he had surveyed me a moment, turned away apparently

ly
the report of his own women, or some person by whom she has been seen.

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ly dissatisfied, and has never since honoured me with his notice. But, in order to be revenged on Achmed for the late insolence of the Janizaries towards him, he still keeps me in confinement.

To you, my dear Seraphina, who have witnessed the insults I have received from the sultanas since I have been in the serail, it is not necessary to repeat them. I have, therefore, only to add farther, that I have found a letter in the marble urn from Achmed, in which he assures me, he will, at all events, effect my deliverance, and that a revolution in the empire is not very distant.

LETTER

LETTER XXIV.

JULIA TO SERAPHINA.

DISPATCHES are this instant arrived from Warsaw, assuring us that an envoy extraordinary is appointed by the court to proceed directly to Constantinople, with strict orders to procure, *on any terms, the FREEDOM OF SERAPHINA.*

I have not time, as the post waits, to say more. O happy, happy, tidings!

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LETTER

LETTER XXV.

SERAPHINA TO JULIA.

WHERE shall I find language
 to express my astonishment
 at the joyful intelligence conveyed
 in your letter ?* Julia, you can-
 not surely deceive me, deliberately
 deceive me. No !—but you may
 yourself be deceived. *I observe*
you have not seen Orlando. Tell
 me you have *seen him*, and I will
 give a loose to the violent joy that
 now

* Seraphina alludes to Letter XX. As she takes no notice of Julia's *last* letter, this appears to have been written before she received it.

now struggles to burst from my bosom.

LETTER XXVI.

SERAPHINA TO AURORA, THE
GREEK VIRGIN.

MY mind is trembling between the extremes of hope and despair. All the day I have been hovering over the marble urn, but no letter is yet arrived to determine my fate. Charming Aurora, it is now that I feel the loss of your society. It is now that I want a real friend to disperse the mists of me-

lancholy that furround me, and to speak comfort to my soul. If this tale of Orlando should at last prove an illusion! — Indeed, this cruel suspense is too much for me to bear.

LETTER XXVII.

JULIA TO SERAPHINA.

YOU cannot imagine I would either flatter or deceive you. What purpose would it answer to feed you with hopes which, if false, must have been crushed in their very birth? How could you suspect

pect me of such despicable weakness? Dearest Seraphina, banish this cruel suspicion from your bosom. I tell you again, Orlando lives. I have seen him,—touched him,—conversed with him!

This morning I entered his chamber for the first time. How shall I describe the affecting scene?

I had breakfasted with the cottagers, when Carlos ran to me with satisfaction in his countenance. “ You may now,” said he, “ see
“ your brother with safety. I have
“ told him you are here, and pre-
“ pared him for the interview.
“ But, before I introduce you to
“ him, we must agree upon some

K 3 “ necessary

“ necessary precautions, in order
 “ to evade the questions he will
 “ ask us respecting Seraphina.
 “ He must not be apprised of her
 “ present situation ; it would in-
 “ evitably bring on a paroxysm of
 “ his disorder. His temper is na-
 “ turally hot and impetuous ; what
 “ then would be the consequence
 “ of such a discovery in his pre-
 “ sent debilitated condition ?
 “ My invariable answer to his
 “ pressing enquiries on this subject
 “ has been, that Seraphina, after
 “ being rescued from the enemy,
 “ was conducted home to Lemburg,
 “ where she now remains confined
 “ by a slight indisposition. Would
 “ it

“ it not be advisable for you to fa-
 “ your this deceit? Especially as
 “ the deliverance of that fair un-
 “ fortunate is so near, that, in all
 “ probability, she will arrive at
 “ Lemburg by the time Orlando is
 “ so far recovered as to be able to
 “ undertake a journey thither.”

I consented to this proposal, and
 was conducted up a few narrow stairs
 into a small chamber, in which was
 only one window, and even that had
 been deprived of the greater part of
 the glass that once adorned it; but
 this defect was supplied by a luxu-
 riant spreading grape-vine, which
 scattered its large ripe bunches of
 fruit over the casement. There

was no cieling to the room, except the thatch which composed the roof of the cottage; nor was there any furniture, except two chairs, seated with green rushes, and a small table, which was covered with empty phials. In a corner of the room stood a bed without hangings, on which I could just distinguish, through the dusk in which it was enveloped, the face of a human being.

I approached the bed-side; when Orlando suddenly sprang up, and clasped me in his arms. What were my feelings at that instant? I endured a *painful transport*, not to be described. Nature sunk beneath

neath the oppressive weight. — I
was deprived of utterance.

* * * * *

“Julia,” said my affectionate
brother, after a long pause, “this
“is kind:— but where is Seraphi-
“na?”

I could not speak.——

“Dearest sister,” continued Or-
lando, “do not hesitate lest I ap-
“prehend the worst,—

Still I had not power of utte-
rance.

“By heaven,” he cried, starting
up in an agony, “I read your an-
“swer in your countenance. Think
“not I will bear this load of life
“without

“ without her.—Speak ! or I will
“ this instant tear open my wounds
“ afresh !”

Seraphina, my heart was almost broke. I was conscious of your horrid situation, and my tongue was fastened to the roof of my mouth.

“ My dearest friend, compose
“ yourself,” said Carlos, trembling with apprehension, “ Seraphina is
“ at Lemburg.”

“ Sir,” rejoined Orlando, “ you
“ have told me so before.” Then, turning to me, he exclaimed, in the most awful manner, “ Julia,
“ if you expect mercy in your dy-
“ ing moments, have mercy now
“ upon

“ upon me. I implore you to
“ speak.”

I attempted it in vain. And, had not my tears come to my relief, I had never spoke again.

“ Oh !” continued he, “ I conjure you to tell me, by that God who looketh into the secrets of all hearts, where is Seraphina ?”

My heart was bursting.—I made a vigorous effort, and exclaimed, “ *you will soon behold her !*”

“ Enough !” cried the poor exhausted Orlando, “ I am satisfied. “ I shall see her again !” A smile was spread over his pale countenance. He sunk backward on his pillow,

pillow, and waved his hand for us to leave him to his reflections.

Farewel, my only sister ! live—
and be happy !

LETTER XXVIII.

SERAPHINA TO JULIA.

YES, I am happy, — infinitely
happy. O Julia ! be careful
of him ! I charge you be careful
of Orlando ! Nurse him with ten-
derness, — soothe him, — comfort
him. Pour the soft balm of friend-
ship into his wounds, and charm
away

away his pains by the sweet medicine of human kindness.

Now do I pray most fervently for the greatest of blessings, liberty. Now do I look with redoubled horror on the lofty walls that surround me.

Alas! I said I was happy. O Julia! I cannot now endure my cruel imprisonment. I must, I will, see Orlando! I languish, I die, to behold him!

LETTER

LETTER XXIX.

AURORA, THE GREEK, TO SERA-
PHINA.

I CANNOT suffer a moment to pass without congratulating you on the unexpected change of your fortune. With what rapture will you fly from your splendid companions, in this hateful confinement, to the delightful group of your domestic friends: from the clutch of an inhuman tyrant to the embraces of a tender husband!

In your future hours of tranquillity, when you tell the story of
your

your sufferings, do not forget to drop a tear for the still-afflicted Aurora. Remember you once had a friend who partook of all your sorrows, and who never will cease to love you with tenderness.

LETTER XXX.

JULIA TO SERAPHINA.

ORLANDO's fever is abated. He gains strength every day, and his danger is over, except a relapse should take place, which, from the violence of his passions, we have some reason to apprehend.

You

You, my dear Seraphina, must join in our little stratagem to keep him still ignorant of your sufferings. If he should discover your real situation, the consequence would be dreadful. He begins to doubt the story of your being at Lemburg. He yesterday determined to travel thither himself, to know if we had deceived him. In vain we protested against this wild resolution. In vain we urged the precarious state of his health, the danger, the madness, of such an attempt. His impetuosity was dreadfully alarming. His thoughts were worked up into a phrensy, and, if a chaise could have been procured

procured in the village, not all our intreaties or endeavours could have deterred him from the journey.

He is now become more calm.
 “ Julia,” he said, as I was sitting by him this morning, “ if Seraphina’s illness prevented her
 “ from coming, why did not she
 “ write to me? Surely she cannot
 “ cease to love me. She cannot
 “ neglect me. The very idea
 “ is insupportable.” Perhaps I answered with hesitation, “ she is
 “ not able to hold a pen.” “ Ah!” he continued, taking my hand, and pressing it with tenderness, “ I
 “ hope you do not deceive me.
 “ Consider, dearest sister, I have
 Vol. I. L “ but

“ but little reason left. My mind
 “ is already tossed by a tempest of
 “ contending passions. Ah ! if
 “ this tale of Seraphina be false !
 “ If, as I fear, I have lost her for
 “ ever ! — Alas ! I never could
 “ love her moderately ; and my
 “ grief for her death must termi-
 “ nate in the excess of madness.
 “ But,” continued he, “ I will be
 “ composed while I search out the
 “ truth. I will immediately write
 “ to Lemberg. If I receive no
 “ answer, my suspicions will be
 “ confirmed, and my fate deter-
 “ mined.”

When he writes, I will convey
 his letter to you directly ; but be
 careful,

careful, my dearest friend, to be guarded in your reply. Your feelings on this distressing occasion must be exquisitely painful : yet, for your own sake, — for the sake of Orlando, — strive to suppress them. The most distant hint of your captivity would instantly deprive him of reason, and drive him to some desperate deed.

L 2 LETTER

LETTER XXXI.

JULIA TO SERAPHINA.

AS your release is so near, my only sister, I hope you keep up your spirits. I will relate, for your amusement, a scene which has passed here, and I dare say you will not censure me for the ingenious part I acted in it, although my conduct was not strictly conformable to the rules of custom.

Orlando having retired early to rest, I was invited by Carlos, his
amiable

amiable friend, to take a ramble to some beautiful hills, which lifted their heads above a wood, on the opposite side of the heath, and formed a most romantic prospect, which we had often admired from the window of the cottage. Toward this enchanting spot we set forward on the most beautiful evening I ever beheld.

The sun but faintly scattered his rays over the tops of the highest trees in the wood, which, by contrasting the dusky greens beneath, produced a most pleasing effect. The lofty heads of the mountains, which rose above, were strongly burnished, and, through the irre-

gular niches between their sloping sides, the dark sky formed a fine back-ground to the picture. The smoke ascended from the cottages, which were thinly spread over the skirts of the heath. The notes of the thrush saluted us as we approached the wood. In short, the scene was at once rural and romantic.

“ My dear friend,” said Carlos, as we struggled up one of the highest hills, “ I have often wondered
 “ why poets and philosophers have
 “ fixed the temple of fame on the
 “ top of a mountain, when so many
 “ arrive at it without taking
 “ one up-hill step. Ought not,
 “ rather

“ rather, the *temple of happiness*
“ to be placed in such an almost
“ inaccessible situation ?”

“ I think not,” I replied.

“ There are many dangers and dif-
“ culties to be passed before we
“ can arrive at fame, which very
“ few are able to surmount. But
“ it is in the power of every one
“ to be happy.”

“ Heav’ns !” exclaimed Carlos,
“ what an assertion !”

“ I mean it is in the power of
“ every one to cure his own disqui-
“ etudes.”

“ O for the receipt !” said he
hastily.

“ It is an old and simple one,
 “ and has been used with success by
 “ the wife of all ages. Desire no-
 “ thing beyond your reach. “ *All*
 “ *happiness is seated in content.*”

“ Preposterous and absurd,” he
 cried, “ how can I prevent my de-
 “ fires? Besides, if they are in-
 “ nocent, why should not the in-
 “ dulgence of them tend to make
 “ me happy? -I am of opinion,
 “ that, in general, our happiness
 “ depends on *others* rather than
 “ ourselves.”

“ How unenviable then,” I said,
 “ are they who refuse to distribute
 “ their blessings! Were it equal-
 “ ly in my power to make another
 “ happy

“happy or wretched, surely I could
“not hesitate a moment.”
“O sister of my dearest friend!”
Carlos exclaimed, suddenly throw-
ing himself at my feet, “then *this*
“*moment* must decide my fate;
“for on you alone it depends to
“make *me* happy or miserable for
“ever. Why, then, should I long-
“er conceal my feelings? Julia,
“when I first beheld your charms, I
“*admired* you; when I saw the
“sweetness of your disposition, I
“did more, I *esteemed* you. And,
“when I became acquainted with
“your *heart*, I *loved* you. This
“is the short undisguised history
“of my passion. Ah! if I have
“offended

"offended you by this abrupt de-
 "claration——
 "I will not be offended," I in-
 "terrupted. "I will not miscon-
 "ceive you. I am far above co-
 "quetry. Truth is my guide on
 "every occasion, and my guard
 "is innocence. Carlos, you have
 "told me nothing more than I be-
 "fore suspected. What shall I
 "say farther? You are the pre-
 "server of my brother. Have I
 "not seen your tenderness to him
 "during his illness? Have I not
 "even seen you shed tears? Ah!
 "be assured, I could not observe
 "your affection for Orlando with-
 "out the tenderest emotions."

In Continuation.

Excess of joy prevents me from finishing my narrative. O my amiable sister! this is probably the last letter I shall write to you. We have just received accounts from Warsaw that your deliverance is *agreed upon*, and will take place in a few weeks. Carlos has pretended business to Orlando, and is gone thither to learn more of this happy event. After all our sorrows, how joyful will be our succeeding days! I shall begin to count the hours and minutes till you return. With what transport shall I spring forward to meet you after so long and so painful an absence!

LETTER

LETTER XXXII.

ORLANDO TO SERAPHINA.

SERAPHINA, come to me instantly ! By heaven, I will not live another day without you ! How am I to account for your unreasonable conduct ? Why will you obstinately continue at Lemberg ? Why will you not come near me ? Oh ! if you could know the pangs I have endured since our cruel parting, — the agonies that now rend my bosom, — indeed you would pity me. You would fly to
my

my arms, and soothe me with the tears of compassion !

Surely, Seraphina, you cannot have ceased to love Orlando. You cannot have renounced the faithful companion of your fortunes. You cannot so soon have forgotten the precious hours we have passed together,—our days of uninterrupted happiness. Heaven is my witness you are dearer to me than when I first received you blushing to my arms.

Keep me no longer struggling with the pangs of death. Let me behold you once more. Tell me why you have deserted me, and I will try to be satisfied.

But

But do not persist in delay. Beware how you continue to treat me with neglect,—for I swear, by heaven and earth, if you do not come to me immediately, I will no longer exist. I will pierce the heart which your cruelty would otherwise break!

LETTER XXXIII.

SERAPHINA TO ORLANDO.

I WILL obey your commands, dearest partner of my bosom. I will fly to you with rapture. Oh! be assured Seraphina loves you with unbounded affection: she languishes to behold you: she mourns
for

for every tedious minute that passes.

But, by the love you bear me, I
conjure you not to be impatient.

I will hasten to you: I will administer your medicines, and recruit your wasted spirits. I will not disturb you with the excess of my transport. All day long will I gaze upon you with delight, and press you to my faithful bosom.

Alas, I rave! I will not deceive you.—I cannot come to you:—I am *withholden*,—*imprisoned*,—enslaved,—by a vile, a despicable, tyrant. I groan under a load of cruelty and oppression.

Orlando, I have suffered much since I saw you last. You can
have

have no conception of my misery. My cries, my tears, my sorrows, would pierce your heart! But Julia tells me my sufferings will soon be at an end, that my deliverance is near. Pray for me, Orlando! pray heaven to hasten the happy moment!

LETTER XXXIV.

ORLANDO TO SERAPHINA.

I Will do more than pray: I will bleed,—I will *die* for you, — I will revenge your injuries!—

O vengeance! precious vengeance!

END of VOL. I.